

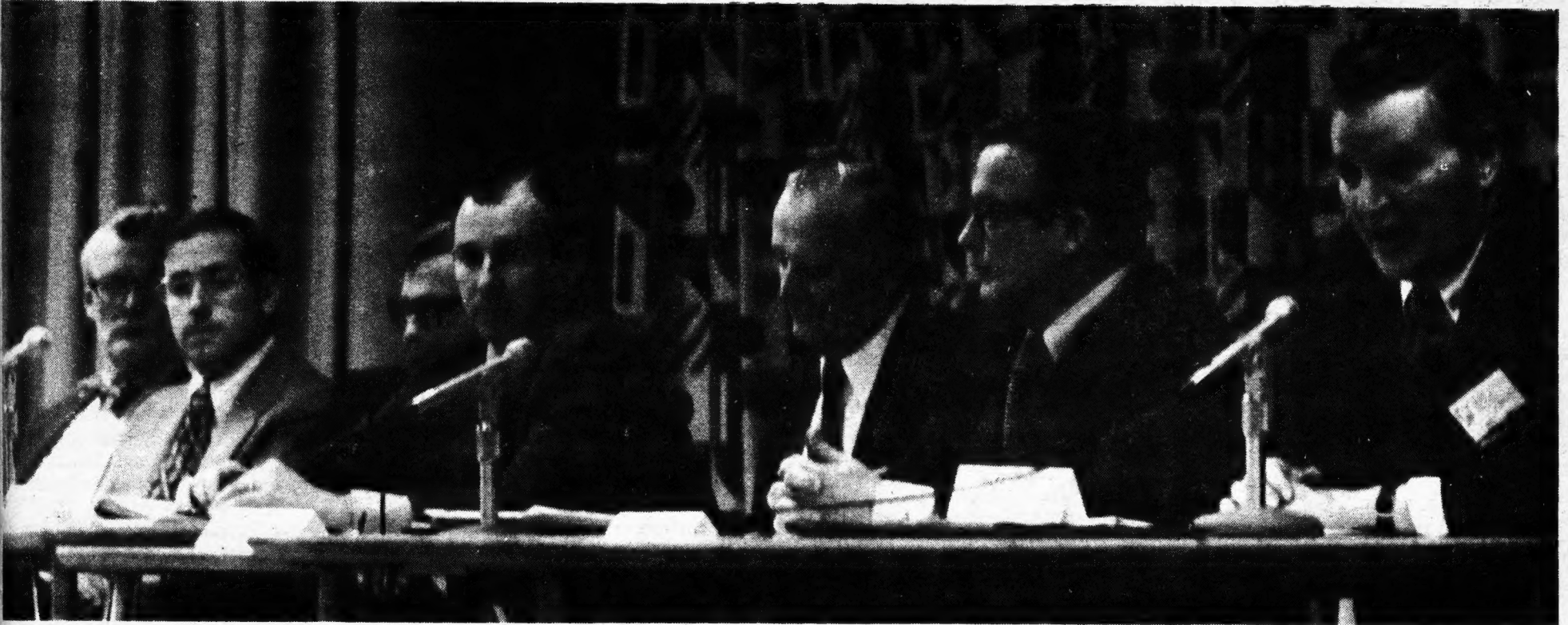
STUDENT VANGUARD

COMMUNICATOR

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(Left to right) Thatcher Longstreth, President, Greater Phila. Chamber of Commerce — Allen Gart, Senior Vice President of Economics, Girard Bank — Edmond Thellen, Research Division, Franklin Institute — William Stout, Manager of Petrochemicals Development, Sun Oil — William Jones, Senior

Vice President, Philadelphia Electric — Joseph Deveraux, Director of Operations, Philadelphia Gas Works — and Allen Evans, Executive Director, Aces.

"OUR PROFITS ARE NOT EXCESSIVE"

By T.J. DAY

The Community College of Philadelphia was graced with a visit from the ACES, a traveling group of energy officials whose primary concern is the effect of the energy crises in the immediate Delaware Valley.

These people included Allen Evans — Executive director of the Aces, Joseph Deveraux — The Director of Operations at the Philadelphia Gas Works, William Jones, Senior Vice-President of Philadelphia Electric, William Stout — Manager of Petrochemical Development of Sun Oil Co., Edmond Thellen — Research Division of the Franklin Institute, Allen Gart — Senior Vice President of Economics for Girard Bank, and Thatcher Longstreth, President of the

Greater Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce.

Halfway through the meeting about fifteen of the banner-bearing "Attica Brigade" quietly filed into the lecture hall after an unsuccessful attempt to block spectators from entering the Academic annex. This was followed by an exchange of words with the Aces and apparently through the disapproval of the original audience, The "Brigade" settled down and entered into the formal question and answer period.

The main focus of the conversation centered around William Stout, from Sun Oil. Asked about the recent news disclosure which stated that Sun Oil's profits rose over 57% (72-73) he replied stating that

the profits were not excessive. There was then a low moan of dissatisfaction among the attending crowd.

He was also questioned about the alternative mining methods of petroleum from shale. The reply, "Presently there is no known method to take oil from shale." I approached him after the meeting and told him how to take oil from shale. How is it that I know and he doesn't. I saw how while watching the ABC Evening News.

He replied that the method which I speak would cost approximately ten dollars a barrel to mine. Arab Oil is now \$14.50 a barrel. I also told him about harvesting crude oil from manure. He expressed total doubt.

There is now a scientist in

England who is running his car on Methane (a petroleum derivative) using the manure method at the cost to him being 1½ cents per gallon.

The biggest cry which Phila. Electric had was the cut-back in coal shipments. He said that the "coal stocks are down". A recent disclosure revealed that the U.S. alone has enough coal to last them for the next 2,000 years. This is even if the major industries depended on coal instead of oil.

Thatcher Longstreth was mostly concerned with the tremendous waste of energy which was taking place in the

U.S. He then asked if all people would not waste and try to economize. He was then asked if his campaign funds were wasted because he lost the bid for Mayor. "Let's stick to the issue" was his answer.

The Aces in general tended to avoid questions and only elaborated on their introductory statements. Their basic slogan was the same — profits are not excessive.

If you have feedback send it to the Gas Works, or Philadelphia Electric, or to:

William J. Stout, Manager, Petrochemicals Div., Sun Oil, 1608 Walnut St., Phila. 19103.

The Learning Lab Helps Students

By JOE RINALDO

The Learning Lab is the kind of place that a student goes to if a student needs help in almost any subject.

If you sit in a class and the teacher seems to be speaking Greek but it says Linear Algebra on your roster there are only two explanations.

One is that you walked into the wrong room. The other is that you need a little help.

Many people, when this happens, get that infectious college disease, the drops. Don't drop it until you AND your teacher think it is a hopeless case. Chances are that you just have the I-don't-belong-in-this-class-jitters.

Your next step should be down to the Learning Lab for a little tutoring. When you go in, tell the nice lady behind the

desk that you need some assistance in whatever subject it is and she will sign you up.

Now stop worrying. Your problem is half beat. She won't look at you like you have two heads. What she will do, is see that you have either a private tutor, or are put in a small class with other people that have the same problem.

Almost every subject is handled by the Learning Lab, but if they don't have someone, they will find one. They haven't turned anyone away yet. The people that work up in 713 are the best too.

Mrs. Florence Fishman is in charge more or less because she has the title of Coordinator. She's not your typical everyday bureaucrat.

She knocks herself out just to fit the needs of students that

might fail one or more subjects or even flunk out if she did not have the Learning Lab there when they needed it.

And Mrs. Fishman knows about student needs. She used to be in the counseling dept.

It's not hard to understand either, when you see her sympathetic face. Behind her she's got a loyal force of the best tutors available. The people who tutor are the people that got A's in the subject that they are tutoring in.

Mrs. Fishman even has a couple of graduate students from University of Pennsylvania leading group seminars.

So if you are having trouble in one or two subjects, check out the Learning Lab. It's all free, and it's all for you.



Florence Fishman — the coordinator of the Learning Lab.

Photo by Harry Strauss

SPRING VACATION MARCH 4-8

INSIDE THE STUDENT VANGUARD

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DR. BONNELL COMMENTS ON CAMPUS SECURITY

Some topics are perennial. Since a new generation of students arrives every year, it seems timely to repeat again, almost verbatim, a message which I conveyed to CCP students via the *Communicator* several years ago.

Recent incidents have prompted pleas that campus security be tightened. The requests range from casual suggestions to formal requests to the President and the Board of Trustees.

Incidents prompting this concern run from petty thefts of personal and College property and purse snatching to physical assaults, shakedowns, threats and intimidations, and vandalism. No one category of incidents is of epidemic proportions, but collectively they are disturbing. To those immediately affected, they are often frightening.

WE ARE VULNERABLE

Small comfort can be taken from an observation that the situation on our campus may be no worse than elsewhere. After all, because of our location, we are visible and vulnerable. Our open doors are inviting to petty thieves, panhandlers, pushers, and occasional irresponsible and disruptive gangs of cardsharps and operators. Non-students, whose age and attire provide protective camouflage, can roam our halls at will unless a determined effort is made to control them.

What form shall that control take? How large a security force do we need to provide the optimum degree of protection? Should the force be armed? Uniformed? Deputized to make on-the-spot arrests?

These are some of the questions that inevitably arise when tighter security is indicated. But there are other questions which students and other members of the College family must be prepared to answer as we work toward an acceptable solution for annoying and dangerous incidents on campus.

CITY POLICE

Are you, for example, willing to have City police assist in patrolling the building and be immediately available to take direct action to reinforce our own security officers? How do you feel about the use of non-uniformed City police on campus? Narcotics agents?

How much personal inconvenience — and occasional embarrassment — are you prepared to tolerate in the interests of ferreting out uninvited non-students who infiltrate the premises? Will you submit, with proper respect for the security officers, to a periodic checking of your own credentials? Are you willing to wear a student identification badge?

How far are you prepared to go in "lowering the boom" on suspects who are apprehended? Would you yourself make a citizen's arrest? Would you go to the assistance of a fellow student who was being harrassed? Are

you prepared to assist in positive identification of culprits even if they threaten to get even? What if a close friend is implicated?

How far are you willing to go in assisting authorities to identify and prosecute pushers? Would you tolerate a locker check? Would you shield a friend, student or non-student, who was pushing narcotics? Would you make an exception for a friendly marijuana salesman? Pushers of heroin and pushers of marijuana are both violating the law.

HOW MUCH PROTECTION?

I do not pretend to have ready-made answers to these questions. I raise them because they have some bearing on any tight security program. No program can succeed without the assent and cooperation of the people who wish to be protected. The question then becomes how much protection you really want.

The broad security policy under which we have operated since July, 1969 took nearly a year to move through the College Committees and the Teaching Faculty Senate. Its introduction was vigorously resisted by a few members of the faculty and equally vigorously espoused by the editors of the College newspaper.

Periodically I ask appropriate College Committees (Physical Plant and Student Affairs) to review our policies and procedures relating to security and to recommend changes. I have repeated that request in recent weeks. The problem has also been brought to the attention of the Board of Trustees and its Executive Committee.

At its last meeting, the Executive Committee urged the President to continue his efforts to obtain from the appropriate College Standing Committees specific recommendations for an updated and comprehensive College security policy. In the absence of recommendations, the President has taken

several steps to strengthen security.

Additional guards have been hired and they have been outfitted with appropriate identifiable apparel. They have been given specific instructions on when to call on outside assistance. We have not, however, armed our security officers. Only during a limited period at the beginning of each semester when the Bookstore is at peak operation do we engage an armed guard to protect the cash registers.

WE ALL HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY

Security guards, no matter how wary, wise, and fleet of foot, cannot be omnipresent. Each of us has a responsibility to help keep the campus secure by being aware of problem areas, by taking appropriate precautions, and by acting positively when the occasion demands. If we are all of a common mind that no disturbances whatsoever that might result in injury to someone are tolerable in our campus community, we will not stand by idly as voyeurs — and particularly not as partisan voyeurs — when a person or persons are harrassed, attacked, or molested.

We have a dual challenge: to achieve security on campus, certainly, but also the protect the rights and freedoms of those who are citizens of this community at 34 South 11th Street. It is my sincere hope that the joint efforts of students, teachers, and administrators on the College Standing Committees will, in due course, produce improved and fully acceptable policies and procedures, and that we shall be able to learn from one another what may be our best plan for common defense and mutual understanding.

Student participation in these discussions is especially important, for it is the students who have suffered most from the incidents that have occurred. They are also in a strategic position to make any security system viable by according it understanding and cooperation.



Dr. Bonnell recently spoke to the editors of the Vanguard on the question of security at CCP.

KEVIN FITZPATRICK

In This Editor's Opinion

Student Gov't Is Working



Since the student government elections last semester, there is a new feeling among many members of the student body. There now seems to be a general belief that problems can be solved, and even if they can't be straightened out, fully, at least they will be brought to the attention of many administrators.

However, the picture isn't totally bright. Some students have been asking what has happened since the election. They claim that the students were elected, and then suddenly disappeared with no trace of where they can be found.

Well to some extent that is true. You see these students were elected to nine different committees, which deal with just about every problem that arises at CCP. These committees usually meet at least once a week.

At the first student government meeting this semester, members adapted and ratified a new constitution. One of the bylaws in the constitution provides for the creation of the Student Senate.

This is something new. The Student Senate consists of all of the elected delegates and alternates to the standing committees. It consists of students only, binded together in one unified force.

The Student Senate usually meets once a week also. This is why some of the elected students seem to have disappeared. They are unfortunately becoming good, or bad as the case may be, bureaucrats and are tied up in meetings constantly.

Larry Brown, Student Body President, wrote the constitution and was the main force behind the Student Senate concept. Brown, however, feels that the Student Senate is more important than the committees.

Dean Sherwood, at a recent open forum meeting in the rotunda of the Spring Garden campus, recommended to the Student Senate that they should concentrate on some committees, which he deems are more important, rather than all nine.

This editor hastens to disagree with both Brown and Sherwood on this subject. It seems to this writer that the committees are more important, and that includes all of them.

The idea that some committees are more important than others, should be discounted. Take for example the Physical Plant committee.

No students even ran for this committee from the 11th street campus, because there was a general feeling that it wasn't important. All of a sudden security has become a hot topic among some students. Guess which committee deals with security?

This does not mean that this editor disagrees with the Student Senate concept. It is a great place for the elected students to get together and talk over problems. It also can be effectively used as a place where administrators can address the student government as a whole. Sherwood and Dr. Bonnell recently took that opportunity.

COMMITTEES ARE WHERE THE POWER IS

But the committees are vital to student government. It is where four students can sit down on equal terms with both four administrators and four teachers to deal with problems and proposals.

This is one area where this editor agrees with Dr. Bonnell. When he was addressing the Student Senate in the Board Room on the eighth floor recently, he said, "The committees are where the power is."

The Student Senate can consider some hot topics, like the Milton Street and John Mungin cases, but the committees should deal with the everyday problems that students encounter.

One of the jobs of the elected officers of the Student Senate is to make sure that the committees are meeting regularly, and that there is at least some student representation present. This writer hopes that if that is not being done now, then it should be started to be done immediately.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS SO FAR

Some things have been done already by most of the committees. The Curriculum Committee recently approved a new music curriculum proposed by Clayton White.

At a later meeting they approved a new curriculum in the business field, which is entitled Credit and Collections Management. It was proposed by Tom Hawk. Both recommended curriculums were sent to the Institution-Wide Committee.

The Calendar and Procedures Committee ran a survey in the Vanguard last issue testing student opinion on course time-blocks. The Institution-Wide Committee will soon have their hands full with all of the proposals which are starting to come in.

One of the most important issues that was proposed to the Student Senate concerns the possibility of having two students on the Board of Trustees. This should become one of the top priorities of student government, and be looked at very carefully before dismissing the idea.

Despite its problems, student government seems to be working. When students start attending the committees regularly, significance of student power will be known.

The Student Vanguard

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THE "NEW" VANGUARD

By BOB DAVIDSON

For once, people are actually reacting to the newspaper that keeps the communication in this school where it is. Never before has the VANGUARD been so effective and meaningful as it has been in the past few issues.

The last two issues have been immediate sell-outs! This has never happened before.

We at the VANGUARD feel it's time has come. The different types of media have been a joke until this semester.

We have changed completely, and for the better. Many unnecessary dilemmas

have ceased. Organization now exists.

Our front page is news — not old news, but news that effects you, the student. For the first time reaction has been incredible to stories that have been printed.

We have a fantastic staff this semester. They are people who are involved in the paper like never before.

Many new things have been added so that you can enjoy it a lot more than ever before. We've added a personal column by the editor, an expanded features section, writers who do what they know

(Continued on Page 9)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

February 5, 1974

Dear Mr. Fitzpatrick:

Having come across a copy of the C.C.P. Student Vanguard, I must say the only thing missing on the first page is the headline: "World To End Tomorrow." I am glad I'm not a student at C.C.P. I should say, I'm LUCKY I'm not a student at C.C.P. According to your paper not one student, except maybe one you call "Mot Yad?", seems happy with the school.

Isn't there anything in the school to write about besides black vs. white, student vs. teacher, Mot Yad vs. Gimbels? You have what you call a features page (I should say pages, six to be exact) in which out of five pages (excuse me, even the best of us make mistakes) only four (4) Student written articles appear. Also, the only features are, according to the Student Vanguard, rock and roll bands or groups. If I want the features presented by the Vanguard, I could always buy Top Forty Magazine.

Another thing I must comment on is the reporting of your staff. Your paper seems to be on the right track when it features stories on current events and happenings in the school. One thing about a good reporter I was always told is that he presents both sides of the conflict and lets the reader decide what is right. Your people fail to do this. All of your columnists tell you what they think and their side of the story. Just look at the two lead articles (Jan. 31, 1974) and you'll see what I mean.

If you take this into consideration and spend more time on making a GOOD paper instead of filling space, it'll be a much more worthwhile experience, not only for you, but all your subscribers.

I hope you give this letter some serious thought. I know you will not agree with most of what I said but I feel a person

can learn something by the criticism given toward him. If you got this far in my letter I would like to thank you for listening to what I have to say. After all, I feel there is some hope left for The Vanguard.

Yours sincerely,

E.J.L.

To the Editor:

Ken Barnes' article in the last issue of the Vanguard stated that I called for censoring Henry Varlack. This is an error. At a meeting of the Representative Council of the Faculty Federation I raised the question of whether it was appropriate to spend students' money on racist speakers (specifically Barry Goldwater). I stated that this would be asking students to subsidize the spreading of racist ideas. I did not say that Goldwater should be barred from speaking; but that students should not be required to pay for it.

A case could have been made that Goldwater should have been barred from speaking on the grounds that allowing him to spread racist (and anti-working class) ideas directly contributes to the oppression of a significant proportion of the student population. However, I did not argue this point.

Finally, as far as I can remember, only one member of the Minority Caucus was present and the majority of the criticism did not come from that person.

Jeffrey Berger
Assistant Professor of
Philosophy

REPLY: We are flattered that you went to so much trouble to have your name published in the Vanguard when we went to so much trouble to specifically and deliberately leave it out. In the future direct your inputs to the Student Affairs Committee or the Politics Club. Call ext. 215 or 200 for SAC and ext. 457 for the PC.

Dr. Bruce Sloan Gives His Side Of the Vanguard Biology Story

In a lead article on January 31 a headline boldly proclaimed "Biology Teacher Flunks Class". Sort of makes you believe that out of 26 students all received F, doesn't it? Would you believe 20? A look at the registrar's records would reveal that only 3 failed. The remaining members of the class received 2 incomplete grades because they hadn't taken the final; 4 earned D's; 13 earned C's; 2 earned B's; and 2 earned A's. Two of the 3 failures were Mr. Murphy and Ms. Cu. Ms. Holden received a D as did Mr. Rachubinsky. Mr. Chilkatowsky earned an A.

The bases for these grades were the combined averages of a midterm, a final, and the cumulative laboratory quiz average. All laboratory quiz dates were announced as being given the laboratory session following the period in which the experiment was performed, the normal arrangement. Mr. Murphy's grades for the midterm, final, and lab average were all failing. Ms. Cu showed a similar lack of passing ability. Both were called aside after the midterm due to their marks, 18.5 and 17 respectively, and asked to seriously consider dropping the course, especially in view of their flunking grades in lab quizzes. Neither did so.

Ms. Holden's mark was a C for the mid-term and a D in lab. Although she brought a C average into the final her F in this exam brought her

semester grade down to a D. Mr. Rachubinsky received a D for the midterm, and F for laboratory, and a C in the final; thereby earning a D. Mr. Chilkatowsky's mid-term grade was an A, his lab grade a B, and his final an A. He earned and received an A.

The midterm average was not a 35 as your "factual evidence" would like to lead people to believe. The number quoted was the minimum amount needed to pass the exam; a test whose grades ranged from 81 to 16.

Shortly after I had spoken to Mr. Murphy and Ms. Cu, Mr. Bazinet and I discussed the class situation as reported to him by these 2 pupils. Once again, "the entire class was flunking". Unfortunately once again Mr. Murphy was consistent, but not "factual".

I refuse to even discuss the comments referring to my alleged answering questions with a "coarse insult" or to my supposed lack of providing encouragement. The complete disregard of the truth which is displayed in these statements renders them on the level of coarsely insulting me and therefore not worthy of further encouragement by any answer to them.

To the remark "Some of the things he talked about went right over my head." I can only say that if he can not stand tall enough to reach out to these ideas he might not be big enough to belong in college. In at least theory a college should stimulate the

intellectual growth and development of its students. This is only possible by causing them to continually mentally extend themselves.

Admittedly biology has never been in the category of so-called snap courses. Attending such a course in the summer and at night increases the difficulty. Coming late to every single class as did Mr. Murphy and Ms. Cu compounds the problem. Refusal to discuss problems with me after class, as other students found time to do, suggested that no problem existed. Mr. Rachubinsky places "full responsibility upon the college" for all his problems. Wouldn't it be more in keeping with his so-called adult status to accept some of the responsibility for his lack of success himself?

Supposedly "very little is known about the mysterious Dr. Sloan" yet in the first lecture of every course I have taught at CCP I give my phone number at work so that I can be available for further discussion of problems as they might occur to students. None of the above students called even once. Others have called as often as twice a week. Mysterious? Hardly, not even slightly elusive.

Mr. Bricker concluded his article by quoting from the Gospel of St. Matthew.

"Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for justice, for they shall be satisfied." Nothing more need be said.

CCP AND TEACHERS DEFENDED

By THE AMAZING CCP DEFENDER

Dear readers if you would please recall the last issue C.C.P. "Myths Looked At." I feel it is my duty to you, as a reader of the paper to point out that there are 15 cheerleaders here, but no student support. The school is not a converted candy store.

We should be thankful that Girard Estates, rented us this land for the school or we may find ourselves trying to get the money for a four year college, which most of us cannot afford.

If you would recall the last issue of the Vanguard for the year 1973 the article CCP

defended. It was pointed out that the school has one of the greatest teaching staffs for a two year college.

Most of our four colleges have first year student grads teaching. Which we do not! So in all my friends, I have taken it upon myself to defend CCP in the proper way.

I have exposed these people who think by writing articles such as CCP "Myths Looked At." As people who really do not fully intend to help the school and you as a student. I do say this, that the writer intentions were well, he failed

on his part to look at all the facts.

I do not want to make Kenny Green, look like a fool. By this article but Green, you must take all facts into consideration.

Before making accusations, that you cannot fully support, I ask that you please check with me. That is if you ever write another article like the one in the past issue.

I must now leave you all, for a short while until some other writer comes along and attacks the school without reason. I remain yours, THE AMAZING CCP DEFENDER.

REBUTTAL TO THE CCP DEFENDER

By KENNETH GREENE

To the student who calls himself or herself "The Community Defender".

It seems that you are too busy defending this college to get it through your scientifico (look it up in any Spanish dictionary, mono-lingual Anglo.) sphere that I was only trying in my own way to defend and to have some constructive criticism on this subject.

It's very interesting to think that while you emotionally defend this institution, you seem to forget about your own experiences when you first entered this edifice. I'll bet you that at sometime during that first semester you felt many

times like throwing in the towel. Granted, I'll admit that this article was biased, but quite a few students agree with me.

So Community Defender, may I recommend instead of trying to put down everything and anybody that don't agree with your cherished views, think back to your first year highlights and you'll see what I mean.

P.S. Just to prove to you that I'm not all bad, I composed my 46th poem on January 18, 1974, called Acronym, Pt. IV. on this place. Let me know what you think of it.

An Acronym, Part IV.

C is for cool, the best thing since Olney '72.

O is for opportunity, for an education, muy importante at Community.

M is for Mot, the last article proves he's at the top.

M is for Mighty teams and the ability to generate steam.

U is for unanimous, it's perfectly clear this place is first rate.

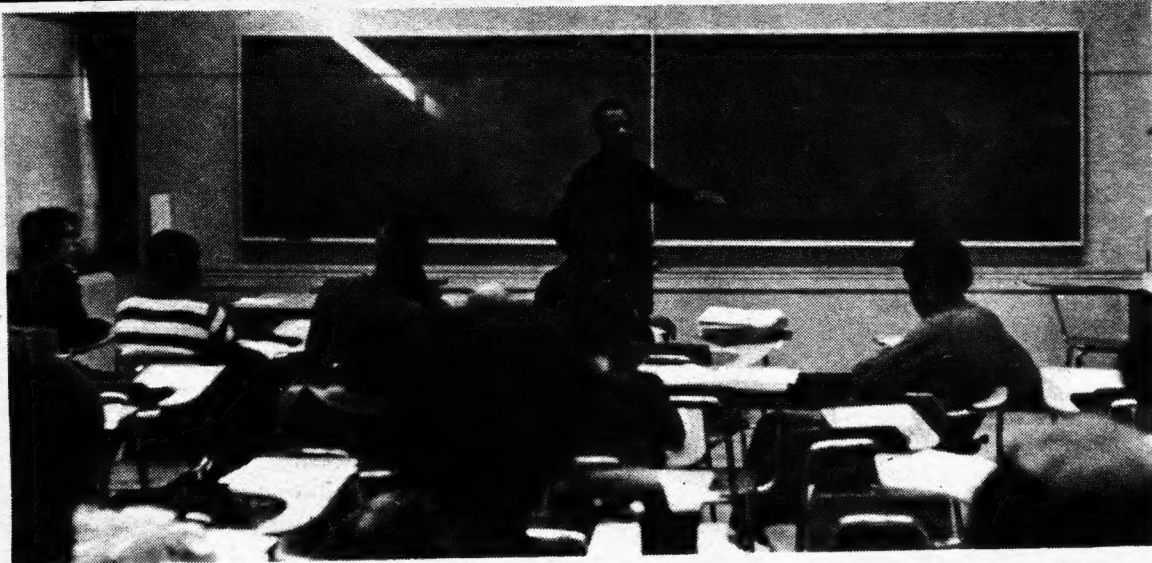
N is for Night tripper, attend one of those late classes and you won't be chipper.

I is for idiotic. Drop and Add can leave you neurotic.

T is for terrible, the food's not delectable.

Y is for Yad, let's support him, he's not that bad.

C is for Cientifico, classes
(Continued on Page 9)



Reggie Schell . . . "If Mungin is right, students should make sure he gets his job back!"
Photography by Kenneth Barnes

Reggie Schell Attacks Drug Pushers

On February 12, Reggie Schell of the Black United Liberation Front spoke to 50 students at the Spring Garden campus. This is one of the first time a speaker has come to the smaller campus.

Attacking drug selling on campus and asking student organizations to fight it, Reggie said, "Drugs put people's heads in a cloud so that they can't think straight and see reality."

"The Black mafia is nothing but an extension of the white mafia. When the Black people's struggle during the 60's made it hard for the white mafia to operate openly in the Black community, they got Black punks to do their dirty work for them," Reggie said, "the people, not the police, are the only force that can deal with the mafia."

Reggie stated that Black people have made no progress in the past 10 years — despite the Establishment's tokenist

gestures. "If a Black man worked hard for 20 years, he wasn't able to get a small loan. After the 60's rebellion, many young Blacks got loans for \$1,500 cash. Why? To fool their parents in the community — make them think their children were getting a chance. But what kind of chance? There are no jobs."

Thousands of workers are laid off across the country. Programs like Leon Sullivan's OIC train people for jobs that don't exist. Don't fool yourselves, things are getting worse. Take the energy crisis. Black people are hit hardest by it. There was a draft in most of our houses before the so-called crisis. What's going to happen now?"

Although conditions in the U.S. are worsening, Reggie pointed out that the struggle in the community and on campus was stagnating. He stated that most people were too concerned with number one,

and didn't want to help others. "If you are a revolutionary, you can't hope to get rich. In fact, you will be poor. But you will be free!"

Reggie suspected that LEAA (Law Enforcement Assistance Agency) money supporting C.C.P. was being used to fund government surveys on how ghetto youths think. He opposed police training on campus, and said, "Student organizations, like the B.S.L. and student government, must take firm positions on campus issues. Like Mungin's firing — if he's right, students should make sure he gets his job back."

"If organizations don't have firm principles, they can't act in the interests of the people."

Many students, inspired by the talk, stayed for hours to talk to Reggie. This reporter was disappointed that white students didn't come, because political issues affect all students. Reggie's speech was a call for mass student action.

VSO CHAIRMAN AND SECRETARY RESIGN

By EUGENE KENT

Isaac Baggs, disputed chairman of the 1800 member VSO resigned at the first real Council meeting of his four months in office.

His resignation came on the heels of a relentless challenge by Kenneth Barnes, VSO Councilor, to the Constitutionality of Baggs' highly questionable procedures while in office.

Barnes took the floor at 11:30 and presented a hard pressing explanation of the VSO Constitution, and amendments. Barnes specifically pointed out that if it wasn't for an inherent looseness in the constitution, Baggs would not have been elected Chairman in the first place!!!!

An hour and a half later, Barnes relinquished the floor to Baggs so that Baggs could read "New business."

BAGGS' WATERLOO!!!! At the top of the "new business" list was "Executive Directorships." Barnes challenged the Constitutionality of not only "Executive Directorships" but, all his accomplishments since being in office.

When Baggs admitted that nothing he has done came through VSO Council, Barnes made a motion that Baggs program be thrown out, the motion was carried 3 to 1 with one abstention.

At this point Baggs read a prepared resignation stating in part: "Due to conditions beyond my control I am



ISAAC BAGGS

forced to submit to you my official resignation as of the 28 of February, 1974, as Chairman of the Veterans Service Organization of Community College of Philadelphia . . ."

The VSO will be re-staffed at a general meeting on February 24 1974. Baggs is planning to run a second time for the chairmanship.

One should perceive the life a choice that should be permissive to the waves of life and free himself from the life of historical rights.

Anonymous

PAUL SHERWOOD ADMITS LOCKING MUNGIN'S DOOR

By KENNETH BARNES

Paul Sherwood, CCP Dean of Students, admitted before a full SGS (Student Government Senate) meeting: "Yes I take full responsibility." In response to the question: "Who else was involved in locking Mungin out?"

"Nobody is doing Mungin's job now, but . . . uh we all help George Field," (Director of Admissions) Sherwood said.

The helpers he specifically mentioned were Gail Hawkins, Dean at SP; Jim Burton, Athletics Director; Henry Varlack, Director of Student Activities, and Steve Dock, Registrar.

Each one of these middle level administrators except Burton who could not be reached because of illness, verified the fact that they had indeed gone out to various high schools to RECRUIT incoming freshmen to CCP at least three or four times over a period of not more than three or four years. But, not one of them said they were helping George Field subsequent to Mungin's dismissal, specifically in the operation of the Admissions office. Keep in mind that Mungin was only hired 13 months ago.

Conrad Petrongolo, Vanguard staffer, told Sherwood that MILTON STREET is fulfilling a student need by providing better tasting food than Ogden Food Co. Subse-

quently, 500 CCP students have signed a petition requesting that Street's Foods be allowed to operate on the south side of Spring Garden St. next to the school.

Sherwood suggested that the request be drawn up in the form of a proposal and sent through SGS. He declined further comment because the case is being litigated in the courts.

Kevin Fitzpatrick, Vanguard editor, asked him about F grades Sherwood responded: "It would be better for students if Fs of a certain category be eliminated I expect this problem to be the next thing the Academic Ad Hoc Committee takes care of. We have copies of grade lists on micro film as far back as 1971."

In a lengthy answer to Warren Montague, BSL Chairman, he explained: "We cannot put teachers' names on class schedules because we would lose our flexibility. Meaning that because most of our faculty is relatively new, they don't have rigid schedules in terms of time slots."

Or, we sometimes may say to a teacher, Hey, this semester we need you to teach 102 instead of 101."

To the whole question of security at CCP he revealed that faculty and administrative committees were working on possible

solutions in this sensitive area. He then warned, "Don't let anything of yours be found laying around."

He said the purpose of the teacher evaluation survey is to give the teacher a chance to improve if he or she needs to, in order to be more effective in future semesters.

He responded to a question from Larry Brown, SGS President, on "grade distribution" with: "Yes, we record grades, but the authority on that is in the Provost's area."

"The purpose of the ACT (American College Test) is to try to see where students should be placed. It doesn't mean that we're using it as a means for entrance . . . The only time we would use ACT in admissions procedures is if a guy were 689 out of a class of 690 — then we would use ACT to bring him into CCP," Sherwood said.

He said that the academic Depts. make the regulatory decisions, and that George Field, admits, students to different curricula according to the stipulations of those Depts.

According to Sherwood, 30 per cent of CCP students do not complete the ACT successfully, 40 per cent of the students have not taken them, and by June '74 CCP will no longer require them.

He said the Act will be

replaced by the Career Planning Profile in the fall. "We are concerned that students be successful," he added.

Sherwood on Academic Advisors: "There is an assumption that if you have a college education you know everything . . . I really hope that the SGS digs into this area and shows us where the fleas are on the dog!"

As far as scheduling is concerned, he said, "Nurses get first priority because they have the most complicated schedules. Next come the people closest to graduation, then the people who pre-registered, and the late comers are put into a tub file, which creates a very difficult process of actually looking for

unfilled seats."

Sherwood added: "CCP cannot afford DAY CARE because it is too expensive . . ."

If Art students submit furniture designs for the Rotunda, just acknowledge that student's designs can be just as repulsive as the professionals! . . . Realize that if locker space is to be developed in the rear of SP, CCP must meet the specifications of city inspectors . . . I will look into more trash cans . . . and parking space on Brandywine St.

He concluded by saying that the profits (no amount) CCP receives from Ogden Foods Co. and ARA by way of concessions are deposited into the Student Activity Fund.



Paul Sherwood (left): "Yes I take full responsibility for changing the lock on Mungin's door." Larry Brown (right) SGS President at SP Rotunda Feb. 12, '74. Photography by Kenny Barnes

Biology Department Initiates New Program

By BOB BRICKER,
News Editor

A new program has made its debut in the Biology department this semester. The program is sort of a self help method of understanding Bio. 101.

The program, however, is in the experimental stages. Lester Bazinet, head of the Biology department, told us that the program was just started in January. It encompasses the use of audio visual equipment in the lab. This equipment consists of a slide projector, a screen and a cassette tape player.

The student enters the lab, places a tape into the player, listens and watches what he will do when he proceeds to the actual experiment.

We asked Bazinet how practical this system was. He stated that "although the individual systems may cost over \$500.00 apiece, the students seem to better understand the material." He further said that although there was no real way of telling how the students react to the system, he said that there is less goofing off by students sitting there doing nothing.

"The students may proceed at their own pace. They can go back and review the material, or if they are stuck, ask the instructor for additional help." He added by saying that the instructor has a bit more free time, but this time can be better spent with those students who are slow. All in all, the teacher can equally

divide his time to each and every individual.

We asked Dr. Bazinet about the tapes that are used in the cassette players. He replied by saying that he was the voice on the cassettes. But he said "it isn't easily done, because it takes about 12 hours of writing a script, before the cassette is finally made." After the first tape is made, it is sent to the ERC where copies are made for each student.

To find out more about the production of the cassettes, the Vanguard visited Gary Stein, of the ERC.

Stein told us that there is a lot of work involved in creating the slides. First a script is put on an index card with detailed instructions as to what the slide may look like and what kind of writing etc. must be put on it. After this information is correlated, the picture must be taken. The slide is made, then the printing, along with arrows and numbers are superimposed on the slide. This process is a little more complicated than you may realize, because it takes approximately one week to create a set of slides. To this date, six sets have been created. By the end of the semester, Stein and his staff hope to have at least ten sets of slides made.

The ERC makes about 600 slides a week, and 12 tapes. They are kept constantly busy, and by the look of things, the creation of the slides seems to be the number one project in the ERC today.

What's Happening Politically At CCP?

By BARRY L. ABRAMSON
POLITICAL ANALYST

The students here at Community College had the opportunity to meet F. Emmett Fitzpatrick, our new District Attorney on Tuesday, February 26, 1974. The lecture was preceded by a luncheon given in the District Attorney's honor.

February is the month of birthdays with three political names, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and John O'Riordan. Most of us know Washington and Lincoln, but who knows John O'Riordan? John was the campaign manager of Emmett Fitzpatrick and showed remarkable results in his efforts. John is celebrating his 50th birthday this month and I would like to take this opportunity to wish him another 50 years of health and happiness.

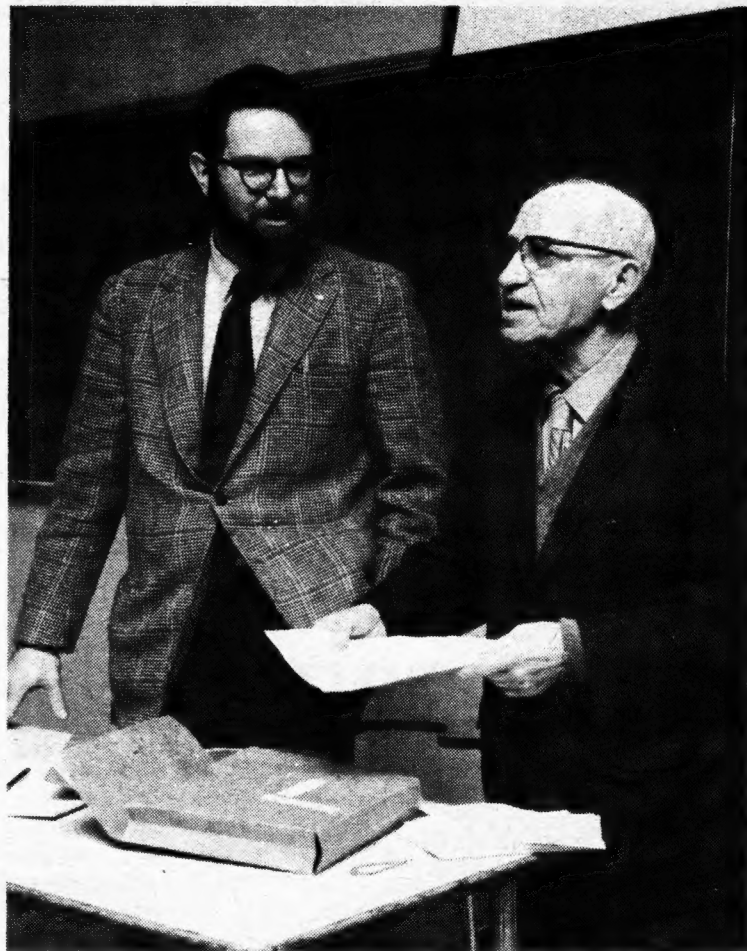
A trip to Washington is planned for Tuesday, March 12. We will meet with the United States Senator, Richard Schweiker. On Tuesday, March 19, we will take a trip to Harrisburg and meet Paul Abrams, personal aide to Herb Fineman. These activities are sponsored by the Politics Club.

Veterans and LASO are becoming politically involved. **WHY DON'T YOU?**

The club is looking for politically minded people who want to get involved.

The office is in the lower level of the annex. Stop in and find out "What's Happening."

CCP OFFERS COURSE TO SENIOR CITIZENS



Richard Clark (left), assistant professor of English at Community College of Philadelphia, listens while Leo Bless, 1300 Lombard Street, president of Mid-City Senior Citizens, explains the purpose of a new program "How to Express Yourself in Writing and in Speech," now being offered at the College to a group of senior citizens.

Clark is co-chairman of the Community College's Faculty Federation, Local 2026, American Federation of Teachers, AFL-CIO, which is sponsoring the program, along with the Mid-City Senior Citizens, the Senior Citizens Committee of the Philadelphia AFL-CIO Council, and the College itself.

The 90-minute classes, held the first Saturday of each month, will be given over to the discussion of such topics as speaking effectively at public meetings, writing consumer complaint letters, letters to editors, and reports, preparing and presenting proposals, the art of listening, and other matters of interest to older members of the community.

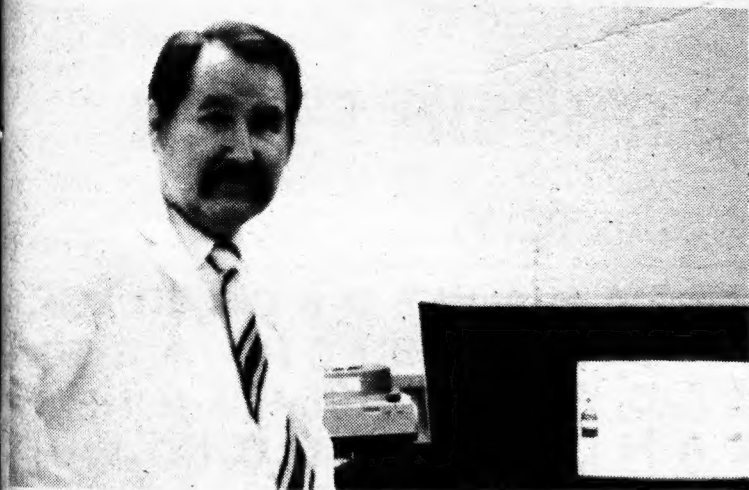
Wrap Around the Essence is a new innovation combining the basic wrap around format with a variation of a pants leg. This garment enhances the feminine beauty and grace of the skirt with the utility of the pants. The result: free movement with limited exposure.

Nefertiti, as the name informs us, is inspired by the timeless beauty of the ancient Egyptian queen. Just as the hieroglyphic artform highlighted her attractiveness by presenting Nefertiti in profile and in silhouette, the graceful flow of this garment highlights the elegant bone structure of today's queen.

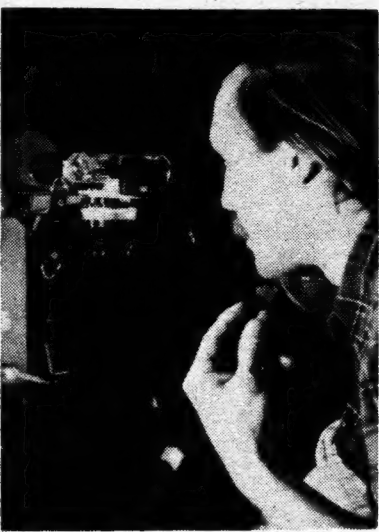
Moultrie

Nefertiti
the movements
of your body
be so graceful.
it inspires within me
life. . .
and love (and id don't mean
the body to body kind)
not necessarily, that is.
i give to you
under the influence of the Ankh
everlasting life.
Please live.

Moultrie.



Lester Bazinet standing in front of visual aid slide projector.
Photo by Harry Strauss



Gary Stein making slides for biology visual aides.

COLLEGE STUDENT'S POETRY ANTHOLOGY

The NATIONAL POETRY PRESS
announces its

SPRING COMPETITION

The closing date for the submission of manuscripts
by College Students is

APRIL 10

ANY STUDENT attending either junior or senior college is eligible to submit his verse. There is no limitation as to form or theme. Shorter works are preferred by the Board of Judges, because of space limitations.

Each poem must be TYPED or PRINTED on a separate sheet, and must bear the NAME and HOME ADDRESS of the student, and the COLLEGE ADDRESS as well.

MANUSCRIPTS should be sent to the OFFICE OF THE PRESS

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MID-EAST COED HAS TO WALK, RUN TO CLASS BETWEEN CAMPUSES

By KENNETH BARNES

Linda Benhaim, attractive CCP coed, walks to classes between 11th St. and Spring Garden three times on Monday, twice on Wednesday, and once on Thursday and Friday.

The two schools are 11 blocks apart, that is approximately one and one tenth miles, totaling 7.7 miles a week. She regularly criss-crosses major arteries like Broad St. and Vine St. She travels in stormy weather frequently.

Linda's problem is further compounded by the fact that she is registered for back to back classes on the opposite campus on Mondays 1:25 (site 1)-2:30 (site 2); Wednesdays 12:20 (site 1) 1:25 (site 2), and

Thursdays 12:20 (site 1)-1:25 (site 2).

"It is physically impossible for me to leave one site and be over at the other one on time, so I worked it out with the teachers so I can leave a class 15 minutes earlier. Then I run the distance to the next class in 17 minutes. On days when the classes are not back to back, I walk it in 35 minutes," said Linda.

Linda is not an isolated example of this itinerant schedule; there are at least 10 more students so affected.

Larry Brown, Student Body President, said, "This is a prime example of the need for two shuttle busses; the issue is a primary goal of the SGS." (Student Government Senate)

DON RIDICULES RETURNS

Here is the amazing collection of insulting letters sent to the people of CCP.

To the peanut of the Vanguard. Hey compadre, you want to grow up and be a big boy, don't you? Well, just listen to mommy, eat your Alpha Bits, and quit using that barrage of Spanish in your articles which you submit to uncle Arby.

To Lenny Mouse, or is it Moose. You bet that's the way to run a sports section. Why? Because no one can see your ridiculous frame in that picture with the cheerleaders.

As for your layout, well all I can say that Dennis Boylan, no "D" in Boylan, is about a foot taller than you, but after he's finished with you, my cocker spaniel will be a foot taller than you. And he's only six inches tall.

Good Morning Dr. Sherwood! The man you are looking at is none other than Mr. Banes. Should you decide to accept this mission, your job is to lock his door, steal his camera and break his pencil while adding that the goings on are none of his business. Good Luck Deano.

To Barry Abramson; Dear skinny, how are you? Terrible, I hope. You look like a walking ad for weight watchers. Seriously though, you should get yourself a dictionary. There is no such word as "bursting". By the way, remember that picture of you in the Vanguard office. Well, what are you trying to prove? Is it that you are a good shoe polisher?

To Elsa Peterson. Well kid, how's life in the big city? George sends his love. . . bi-monthly, and we send you, for your very own, the one and

only Mot Yad. You lucky girl you. Without your presence in the office, there is considerable peace and quiet, that is until Mot and Arby walk in. Well freckles, this is Dynamite Don bidding you happy ulcers. It couldn't happen to a nicer editor, unless of course it was Fitz.

To Anthony D'Andrea; Dear Sir, it has come to my attention that you have lost a diploma through the mails. Two days ago I received a diploma from CCP. However, it was delivered by a messenger from the Double Bubble Chewing Gum Corp. Methinks you are in trouble because there is bubble gum all over it. Well, at least it will stick on the wall.

Sincerely,
D.R.

A RAT'S MAZE
By DEBORAH A. LEAVY

To want to be free as a butterfly but is actually free as an ant caught in a spider's web.

To run but can only walk.

To walk but can only crawl.

To speak but only live in a speechless world.

To see but to be blind.

To be crippled but can only use crutches.

To want a job without the qualifications.

To ski without snow.

To want to do something but people don't think you are ready for it.

To want to live but can only die.

To pray but not to be able to pray.

To console people but not be consoled.

To love but not be loved.

All of these things can make you feel trapped like a rat in a maze. Are You?



LINDA BENHAIM
Photo by Kenny Barnes



CCP TRUCK

CCP leased this Ford Econoline truck from Carr Ford, Chestnut Hill. The original lease began in May '73 and runs for three years at a cost of 177 dollars monthly. This price includes maintenance, registration, and inspection.

It is insured by North America for approximately 35 dollars a month.

Equipped with a furniture box body, it is used to haul cargo between 11th St. and SP.

The main driver is Mac Frazier, who parks it nightly at the ex-Mint. The total cost for the length of the contract is: 7,632 dollars. But the delivery price is \$3,469.10 new.

Mot Yad Behind the Scenes At the Aces Talk

The place, Vanguard office. The time, one day before the ACES talk. In case you are wondering, the ACES are a group of local energy people who tell you there is no reason for a gas panic while you wait in one of those gas lines. There was a big scare when signs around school advertised a demonstration by the Attica Brigade. "Oh boy, a real demonstration," Zip Yad said, (remember my cousin) as he started to draw up a sign. "What are you demonstrating now?" I demanded to know. I should know better to ask my infantile cousin anything.

"Who cares?" was his reply. "I haven't been in a good protest demonstration since the time I was in D.C. burning gas rationing cards." "You were never in D.C. burning rationing cards?" I concluded. "No, but I thought about it a lot!" With that I swiftly ended the conversation with that poor excuse I have for a relative.

The time, one day later. The place, Lecture Hall, Academic annex. From my vantage point in the newspaper office I could observe a number of people filing into the lecture hall. How's the protest coming

outside." I asked my cousin. "believe it got called off for lack of quorum." "What do you mean, Zip?" My cousin looked again and responded, "The signs and loud speakers are up but no people." Some brigade!

I then entered into the meeting, puffing away on an "OLE STOGIE" hoping to smoke the energy people into giving some answers. The only encouragement I got was a cry from the back of the room. "Put that stupid thing out, will ya! It Stinks." I knew somebody would smell it. As I looked up on the stage, one person tended to catch my eye. He was big. He was so big he could not fit into the chair he was sitting. As his pants traveled halfway up his legs they exposed the trademark of this man, Argyles!!!! Yes, it was Thatcher himself, the guy whose long stretch campaign for mayor failed. I don't know why he was with the ACES. The only thing he could talk about was the fact (?) that his campaign funds were not wasted for his mayoral run because he lost. But he stated we should not waste energy!

The killer was the man from Sun Oil. It's a shame when a guy as important as William Stout has to get up in front of a group of college students and insist he's not making money.

Suddenly. . . in charged the Attica Brigade! They stormed the back of the room with such a noise that not a soul took notice.

Yes, The Attica Brigade stormed the ACES meeting with the massive battalion of ten people.

If you want to know what you missed, you didn't. I wrote another dumb article and you got ripped again. Let's get some action in this school.

And now, as the Attica Brigade charges into the sunset, I leave you as. . .

The Infamous Mot Yad!!!

Photography by Kenneth Barnes

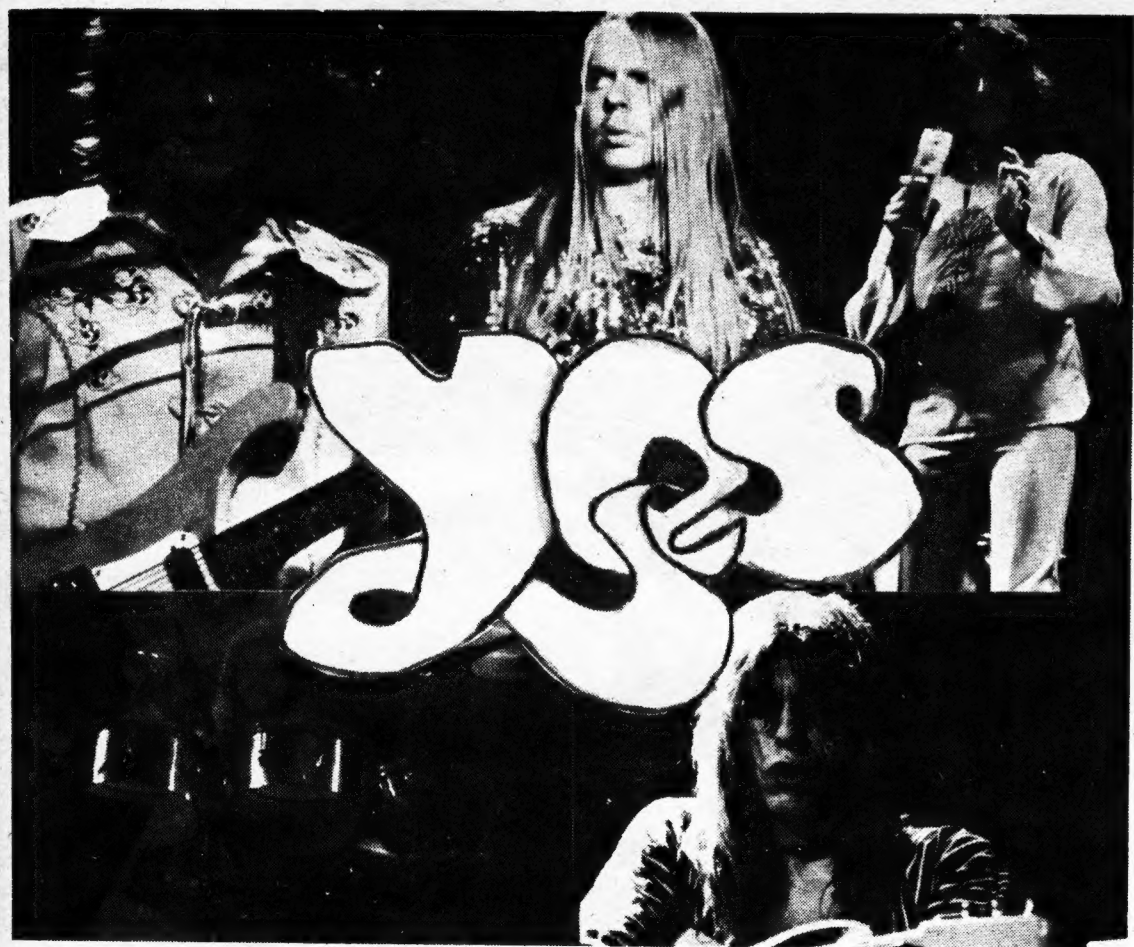
STTANAWEOBCBETONE
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ANTSTOTEALSO SLBO

1. Rolling
2. Illinois
3. Blood, Sweat &
4. Crosby, Nash, young
5. Zeppelin
6. Three Night
7. John, Paul, Ringo, George
8. The Guess
9. The Boys
10. Carlos



Milton Street's Foods at SP now located on the north side of Spring Garden St., between Wills Eye Hospital and Masterman School.
Photography by Kenneth Barnes

FEATURES



YES

THEY HAVE TOLD THE TALES

By MARK HUCKEL

Saturday was a fine day for a stay in the Spectrum, the wet February weather on the 16th was accepted, but not enjoyed outside though. After seeing the rise and fall of their balloon, which was taken down promptly due to high winds, was beautifully adorned with Roger Deans art work.

The doors to the Spectrum were opened shortly after the takedown of the balloon, and we were treated to more of Roger Deans artful and surrealistic artwork and scenery on stage. From the Press box I could see Rick Wakeman on stage in a sweater eyeing the stage hands putting the last minute touches to their equipment and making a few last minute adjustments to the stage himself.

Yes creates their own world on stage even before the concert with tapes of birds and peaceful classical music coming softly out of their sound system. The last classical piece was Stravinsky's FIREBIRD SUITE, which is what they open all of their concerts with. With the lights dimmed and the audience ready, a tunnel of scenery glowed and through the last chords of the tape, Yes emerged and promptly started with Siberian Khatru from

Close To The Edge.

The band shone like gold out from under Michael Tait's lights. Wakeman was adorned with a floor long cape of gold sequins. Anderson was dressed in white and jived his hips in time with the songs. Steve Howe flew from guitars to guitar with a kimono on. The giant Chris Squire had on the usual garb of high boots and an ankle length lab coat. Alan White was closed in by his drums and covered by a winglike structure of Roger Deans.

The second number was partially recognized by a predominately A.M. crowd. And You and I sounded beautiful and loud with the mellotrons.

The third song of the afternoon was the title track from their last album, and one of the best songs Yes ever did, "Close To The Edge". During the quiet part I Get Up I Get Down, dry ice was seen.

Because of the lateness of the start of the concert they could not do their whole new album, only the first and last side, "The Revealing Science of God" and "The Ritual". The new album far surpasses "Close To The Edge" and with the new funkier and improvisational Yes going to town the "Tales From

Topographic Oceans". Two nice parts are the vocals and the drum and bass parts on the last side.

For the encore after "Tales" was "Roundabout", and the audience went wild. Through the persistence of the audience Yes did another encore of "Yours Is No Disgrace", from "The Yes Album".

The evening concert was the same but they did the whole new album, with Rick Wakeman's side added "The Remembering". Also, the side of Steve Howe's, "The Ancient" was good for filler but it does not hold up to the rest of the album. They only did one encore of "Roundabout" and the band was really into it, as Chris Squire jumped and Alan White pounding away with all the energy we are lacking in the crisis.

Yes is phenomenal, just what will they do next?

AN ODE TO JIMMY THE GREAT

By RICHARD GALLOB

On March 18, an event will occur that will warm the heart of Jimmy Cagney fans everywhere. Over CBS, he will receive the American Film Institute's second annual Life Achievement Award. This is a fitting tribute to Jim, but even better is the new interest in Jim's career. His movies are getting huge ratings on TV, books about him are flooding the market, and journalists everywhere are beating down his door for interviews. It seems that a Cagney cult is in the making.

As far as tough actors were concerned, Jim was in a class by himself. Sure, Bogie was more menacing and Edward G. was more lovable and

LOGGINS & MESSINA

By BOB DAVIDSON

I couldn't refrain myself. No matter how I tried to believe it, there I was standing backstage chewing the bit with Jimmy Messina. Being one half of Loggins and Messina was only part of the thrill that had overcome my mind.

Jimmy Messina has been my musical hero way back in the days of the Buffalo Springfield. That's right, and for you newcomers, Springfield also had Neil Young, Steven Stills and Ritchie Furay. Ritchie was once in Poco with Jimmy Messina. Poco has completely changed since then.

Loggins and Messina's music was part of my life about a year before "Your Mama Don't Dance".

Back in 1971, Columbia Records sent me a sampler record with new groups. On that album cover I saw the name and buzzed out of my head!

That album contained the now famous "Trilogy". Jimmy left Poco and ended up producing Kenny Loggin's solo album. As you can see he did more than produce it.

For all intents and purposes, the story of their success is based in Los Angeles and spreads from there. Kenny went through the high school folk scene and came into rock 'n roll. This is in 1965 which interestingly enough is the same year that Jimmy started as a recording engineer. Fortunately their paths crossed in 1971, when Jimmy became an independent producer.

Kenny was finally getting the recognition due him for his songwriting and singing. You might remember a hit by the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band called "House at Pooh Corner". Kenny Loggins wrote that.

Since then, they have diligently worked together on

each other's material and have gathered a group of remarkable musicians.

The band is fantastic. Being tight is only the half of it. They are unique in harmony also.

I guess it was early Poco "Pickin' up the Pieces" that made me see their brilliant style. Jimmy and Ritchie Furay were the nucleus of the group.

With Loggins and Messina, people caught on. Their sleeper hit "Nobody But You" opened some eyes. Progressive stations overplayed "Vahevela", and Anne Murray made "Danny's Song" a hit. Also country singer Lynne Anderson won a grammy for "Listen to a Country", which are all from their first dynamic album.

Their second album won high acclaim for "Your Mama Don't Dance", but if you really listen to the album, "Angry Eyes" will have worn grooves.

It was during that second album that they became one of the top groups in the country.

Now number three is here. "Full Sail" is the first album the group does what they really want to do. It consists of much reggae and of course that top rocker "My Music".

"Lahaina" is just one example of the new turn the group has made.

What about the future? Jimmy told me that their next album would be recorded live as he pointed to oversized TEAC recorders.

To see them live is like witnessing a miracle. They are vibrant, and establish a personal rapport with the audience. They are exactly like they sound on record.

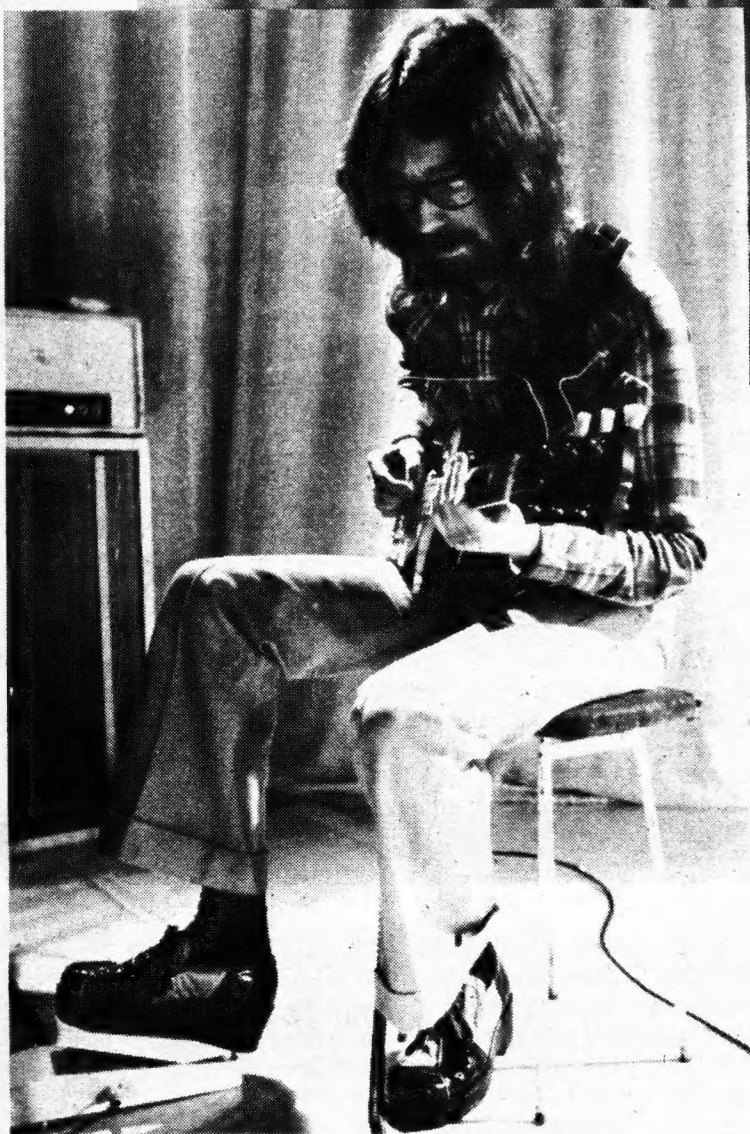
Without a doubt, the future will be even brighter for the dynamic duo. L&M is no longer just another cigarette, but they sure do smoke!



A member of the Vanguard hard at work (Larry Rosenberg)
Photo by Bob Davidson



TONY BANKS



STEVE HACKETT

WHAT GENESIS!

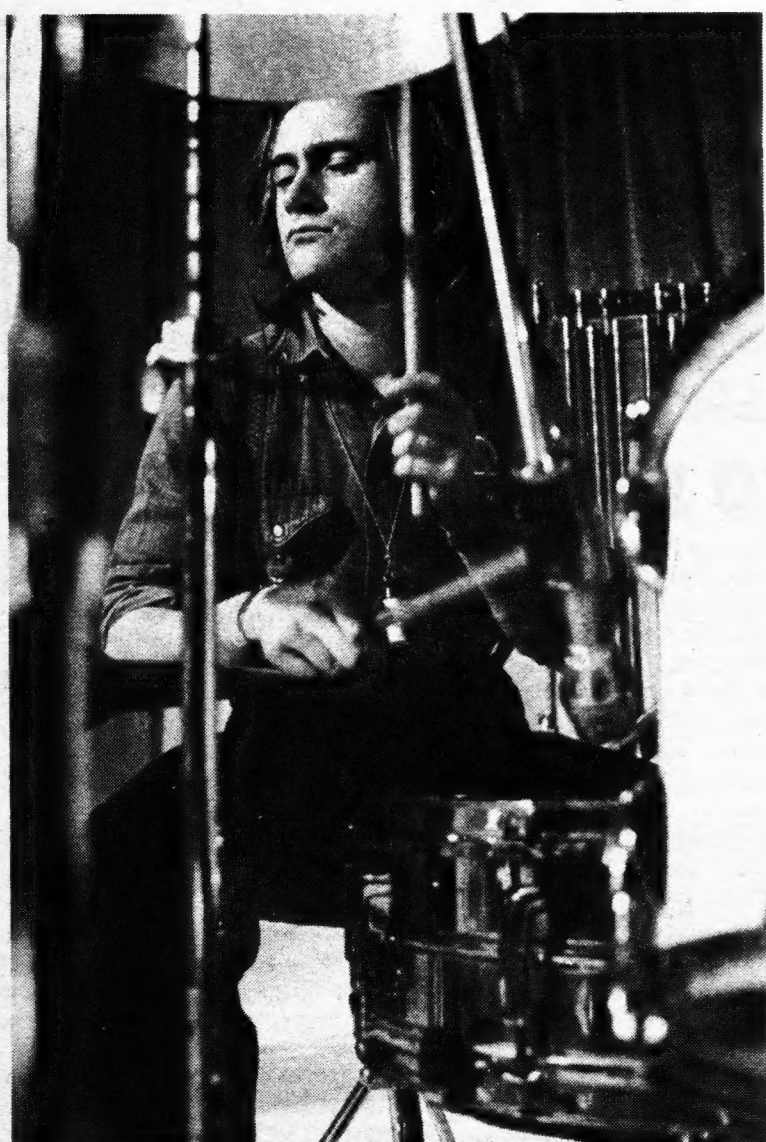
Midnight Sun is pleased to announce that the March 3 performance of Genesis at the Tower Theater is completely sold out. That Sunday matinee (3:30 p.m.) proved, as anticipated, to be a very "hot item," with ninety percent of the tickets selling within two days after they were placed on sale.

To accomodate the great demand for Genesis tickets, a second show has been added. Genesis will open the 1974 season at the Tower at 8 p.m. on March 2. Tickets for that Saturday evening performance are priced at \$5.50 and \$6.50, and go on sale Monday, February 18, at the Tower Theater Box Office and all Midnight Sun Outlets.

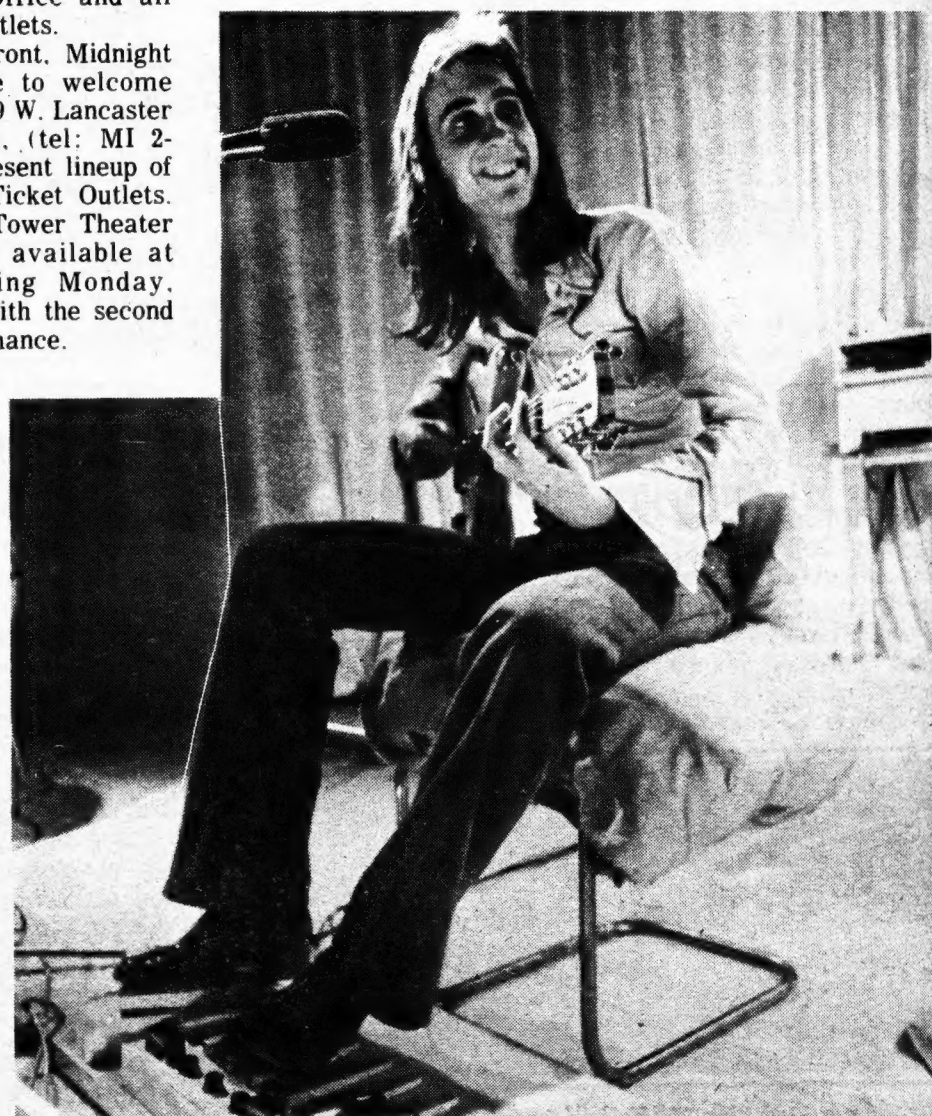
On another front, Midnight Sun would like to welcome Mads Records, 9 W. Lancaster Ave., Ardmore, (tel: MI 2-0764) to the present lineup of Midnight Sun Ticket Outlets. Tickets to all Tower Theater shows will be available at Mads beginning Monday, February 18, with the second Genesis performance.



PETER GABRIEL



PHIL COLLINS



MIKE RUTHERFORD

GENESIS

Genesis is a startling unique English group whose enormous talent and creativity are just now being recognized in this country. They've built an enthusiastic following abroad based on their entrancing music and highly original live performances.

In concert, Genesis astounds the viewer/listener in a variety of ways. Their cleverly written songs (the result of a remarkable group creative process) cover wide-ranging topics from yesterday's "London Times" headlines to ancient Greek mythology. Their music is both intricate and interesting: accessible melodies, thick orchestral tapestries and jazzy shadings of tonal coloring. And all this exciting music is served up in a surreal atmosphere best described as theater of fantasy.

Much of Genesis' distinctive presence, especially onstage, is due to the peculiar talents of lead singer Peter Gabriel. Peter is responsible for many of Genesis' imaginative lyrics and brings a highly-interpretive vocal expertise to their material. He is the bizarre focus of the stage act, casting his hypnotic spell over the audience as he assumes the costumed roles from the music.

The perfect blend of Marcel Marceau and Alice Cooper. Peter's trappings are not simply sartorial splendor for its own sake (a la Bowie), but they actually compliment the musical storytelling. He is at first menacing, then endearing as "The Watcher of the Skies" and later as Narcissus-turned-flower in the epic, "Supper's Ready."

All these things help to create the fantasy we work under," says Peter, "to give the audience a clearer understanding of the different characters in each song."

"When the visuals work, they set up pictures in the mind. That way someone can enter the music more receptively. The only reason we're up on stage is to communicate to people, to entertain, and you're better able to do that with movement. So whatever we can get our hands on we'll use."

Those who've seen Genesis know that they've gotten their hands on a great deal of interesting paraphernalia, including Peter's costumes, masks and bizarre make-up schemes, as well as ultra-violet affects, synchronized

slides, smoke bombs and the like.

Gabriel assumes the appropriate attitude(s) called for by each song: charm, humor, menace, etc. His mesmerizing stage presence contrasts with the businesslike approach of his fellow musicians who generally remain seated throughout the performance. They wear simple white clothing, emphasizing Peter, the actor, and underscoring their no-nonsense attitude toward their playing. In the guise of a rock chamber ensemble, Genesis play with the passion of an intensely-creative, tightly-arranged unit.

Guitarist Steve Hackett adds his stylistic tonal colors to the overall texture of Genesis' sound. He prefers to remain static and concentrate on playing instead of leaping about in conformity with the current image of the flash theatrical lead guitarist.

"On stage I do not tend to use the guitar as a guitar, but rather as a voice in the full scope of the sound," Steve says. He tends to make short, tasty instrumental statements using fuzz tones and pedal-phasing, rather than to play extended solos.

"I like to think we conjure up mental pictures and create moods," he continues. "When Peter wears a flower on his head, it could mean nothing. But within the context of the music, it helps get the number across."

Classically trained Tony Banks handles the keyboards for Genesis. His imaginative tone-painting on the synthesizer, organ and mellotron has become the group's recognizable signature. Generally, Tony takes the lead, establishing a grand orchestral framework, then simply stating and developing a lovely thematic riff as he takes Genesis through their dramatic paces. From diminuendo to crescendo and back again, Tony controls the pacing and construction of Genesis' sound.

Onstage Michael Rutherford plays a double-neck electric guitar/bass, as well as an acoustic guitar. He's responsible for the various underpinnings of Genesis' music. His brilliant technique is largely responsible for the dramatic tension the band displays so effortlessly, pointing up the subtle communication among himself and the other instrumentalists.



Phil Collins' drumming is the cement which holds Genesis together. He maintains the continuity throughout the many facets of each Genesis piece. He rarely takes solos, but his technique and imaginative playing are as subtly masterful as any drummer in contemporary music. As well, Phillip contributes his share of compositions and sings in a crystal-clear tenor voice when called upon.

The Tower Theater, where Genesis returns to perform on Sunday, March 3, is the ideal place, acoustically and visually, to experience the music and theater of this tremendously exciting group. Following their first major U.S. tour and their currently popular l.p., "Selling England By The Pound" (on the Famous Charisma label), Genesis are widely regarded as The emerging band of the future. See Genesis now: a surreal concert/theater experience — by a band of outrageous creative genius.

Discography

Singles:

- "The Silent Sun" (1967) — Decca
- "Winter's Tale" (1968) — Decca
- "Where the Sour Turns to Sweet" (1968) — Decca
- "The Knife" (1971) — Charisma
- "Happy The Man" (1972) — Charisma
- "I Know What I Like (In Your Wardrobe)" (1973) — Charisma

Albums:

- "From Genesis To Revelation" (1968) — Decca
- "Trespass" (Sept. 1970) — Charisma/Buddah

"Nursery Chryme" (Sept. 1971) — Charisma/Buddah

"Foxtrot" (Oct. 1972) — Charisma/Buddah

"Genesis Live" (July 1973) — Charisma/unreleased in U.S.

"Selling England By The Pound" — Charisma/Atlantic

TOWER SHOWCASE

When Midnight Sun first rocked the Tower Theater in June of 1972, it was clear that many Fillmore-like nights of red-hot rock'n'roll would follow. Yet from the beginning it was hoped that the Tower could be more.

Groups like Alice Cooper and Jethro Tull had begun to explore the interesting theatrical possibilities inherent in live rock performances. At Midnight Sun there was an awareness that the loftiest artistic heights would be scaled at the Tower by those acts who most fully

realized the hall's potential as a theater.

The overwhelming success of David Bowie last year at the Tower, both artistically and in terms of audience response, is partially attributable to the fact that he had a proper showcase for his campy tour-de-force.

Genesis has been described as Great Britain's most unusual, most theatrical band. Both theatrically and musically, they are unique and stirring. Their performances are like pantomime against the background of a powerful orchestra.

AQUA SHOW

When the opening cut on a debut album neatly summarizes *Ziggy Stardust* and "American Pie" and transcends them both, you know you're listening to someone substantially more than ordinary. The rest of *Aquashow* confirms the suspicion: Elliott Murphy is someone to be reckoned with.

The first couple of times through, you hear mainly the influences — Dylan in the rifts and harmonica style, late Velvet Underground in the general sound and clean, almost polite, lead guitar. Bowie in the voice and showbiz savvy. Then the words start coming through and you realize that Murphy could just as easily be you or me as some big-headed kid from suburban Long Island. The surprising thing is that his being, in his own words, "so low down middle class," works so well for him.

And he knows it, so his perceptions turn out to be acute and true to life. "Last of the Rock Stars," for instance, depicts the life of a high school rock and roller while hinting that the music is existing on little more than momentum these days. "Like a Great Gatsby" and "White Middle Class Blues" are also tied to the suburbs, the latter in such an overplayed manner that it becomes an amusing self-parody.

Rebuttal

(Continued from Page 3)
and Philco (Philadelphia County)

O is for oppression, many clubs are trying to eliminate it in all directions.

L is for Life or La vida, don't let bad marks beat ya.

L is for love or amor, warning sexy chicks at the door.

E is for enemigo (enemy) rival colleges, no viene contigo (don't come with us).

G is for golpe terrifico (one blow), Go Colonials Go.

E is for environment, zombie attitude deserves comment.

"New" Vanguard

(Continued from Page 3)
best instead of the complete opposite, photography by top-notch photo-journalists, an index on the front page, so you can find what you are looking for a lot quicker than before.

One other point. Our masthead now reads that we are an independent newspaper. We will not be swayed by the administration nor any one individual. We promise only the truth.

The VANGUARD vows to continue in this tradition. If we don't, no one will.





By DOUG MASON

The Spectrum was the site for a very special dance concert on February 3 — the sixth anniversary of the Electric Factory's opening. At \$4 it was a bargain from the Spivak-Magid promoters adding up to nostalgia and good times.

As the place hushed for the opening act — Roy Buchanan & the Sidewinders — people began lighting ceremonial bowls and joints, but hardly in the spirit that was mainstay at the Factory itself. Folks seemed more concerned keeping their weed in the surrounding assembly of friends and associates than in sharing a toke with the poor saps around them, straight the whole evening for any number of reasons — couldn't score, no bread, whatever. I reflect and wonder why things change to the point where we can forget the joys of making another head buzz for the sake of conversation, friendship or just plain neighborly consideration.

Buchanan has a unique understanding of his guitar and its electric possibilities. Though his version of "Hey Joe" couldn't stand up to the version by Jimi Hendrix, it was fitting tribute. By tying together a few loose ends, however, Roy certainly seems prime for the enviable position proclaiming him rock guitar whiz of the 70s.

The Chambers Brothers, who headlined the first Electric Factory gig six years hence, were in top form and with an entirely changed repertoire. The tempo has accelerated past the familiar psychedelic gospel memories of yesteryear into a solid rush of upbeat rhythm & blues. Particularly memorable were versions of the Bee Gees' "To Love Somebody" and Al Green's "If Lovin' You Is Wrong (I Don't Wanna Be Right)."

Topping the bill was Dave Mason. His performance

gleaned many of its finer moments from the ALONE TOGETHER solo LP — tunes like "Shouldn't Have Took More Than You Gave" and "Just A Song" (minus the album's brilliant harmony sections, unfortunately). Some hits for Traffic recalled earlier success — "You Can All Join In" got the Spectrum moving even more than "Feelin' Alright?"

One other notable aspect of the show — it lasted until half past midnight. Even those who looked too young to remember the Factory were happy with free balloons and posters portraying a smiling, ageless Ben Franklin. The original Electric Factory light show beamed more excitement into the evening, though the Spectrum's size seemed to diminish the desired enveloping effect of the projections. All in all, a good night for music.

End of Introduction Now begin the story

High school graduation led to an understandably wild summer down the shore in 1968. Swilling beer, Foggybutt's Green Hornet setting the land speed record to Ocean City — as the Radiants were singing in their big hit — "Don't let go, got to hold on, hold on."

But like everything else, even wine, women and song grow old, especially in overdose proportions. Too physically fagged for another crazy weekend, a couple of friends decided to experience the northwest corner of 22nd & Arch for a change of pace.

After depositing \$3 with the cashier, we wandered into the psychedelic grotto, totally taken aback by the physical characteristics of The Electric Factory. Body painting, meditation racks lining the walls which were really coffins. The rubber tunnel — utilized more for horizontal relief on thick foam padding than recreational activity.

Max highly recommended

the place, especially after he saw Cream and Jimi Hendrix. He also warned about a bigger than life bouncer we dubbed "Goliath" — we needed no further prodding to avoid incident after watching Goliath hoist one of the Jefferson Airplane's amps on his shoulder, carry it from the back room and shake the joint when it plunked onstage.

Freaks were abundant. One character walked around with a white rabbit snuggled in his arms. Ziggy, an elderly gent who still frequents the Spectrum dance concerts, was boogieing between the benches.

If the strobes or smoke wafting gently through the musically dense atmosphere didn't waste you, the Airplane did. Gracie was looking tanned and trim, and sang more vibrantly than I've seen since. Jorma and Jack made hot tuna out of appropriately tuned heads. Nobody in the crowd needed somebody to love at the moment.

We left dazed but determined to return. December 26, 1968 was a date I remember well. I quit LaSalle College and took my induction physical that torn day. I also saw the Crazy World of Arthur Brown, whose frantic antics put my otherwise troubled mind at ease. The God of Hell Fire wasn't the only one in the factory with his hair on fire.

The last show I saw as a civilian was in April 1969. Steppenwolf was busy damning the pusher, but the tune should have been rephrased to include Frank Rizzo, an ominous specter even before he became Mayor.

The top bull and Mayor James H.J. Tate attended a show as guests of the management in February 1968 shortly after the Factory opened. Frank vowed to shut off the lights at that time.

Rizzo spurred action through the city solicitor's office "because of the conduct that went on there involving drugs



ELTON JOHN Photo by Doug Mason

and misconduct involving teenagers." Apparently he never met Goliath. The then police commissioner stated that there were commonplace violations of law at the Electric Factory, but after 14 months of scrutiny, the fuzz only turned up one patron with a criminal record.

During his February visit, Frank bragged that he would "turn this joint into a parking lot." Someone should have parked him and turned him onto a joint.

The city's efforts to close the Factory began in earnest in August 1968, and its Top Cop's dream solidified into reality on April 2, 1969. Judge Joseph Sloane issued an injunction against this "public nuisance" to pull all the plugs within twenty days. The move to stamp out cultural diversity had seemingly succeeded.

A lot of people got upset, including the American Civil Liberties Union. The injunction was fought, the counterculture battle was won. The Factory reopened again September 4, 1969. Despite the documents issued by Judge Sloan calling it "an annoyance to the neighborhood" featuring "activity within injurious to the health, welfare and morals of the community." That complaint was vacated by Sloane a year later.

The site of the Electric Factory was once an auto showroom, then a tire warehouse. It was empty and unwanted for many years before it became Rizzo's favorite whipping post. In his drive against undesirable elements, you'll recall, Frank also banned the Doors from playing in the City of Brotherly Love in August 1969, following Morrison's surprise exhibition in Miami.

Crowds on opening night averaged around 1,000 per — slowly reaching a zenith of around 2,000 customers as the Electric Factory became a household word in the area. On less crowded evenings, folks were welcome to stay for both shows at one price. Commercial enterprise, yes, but hardly exploitation. If you've got a beef about those \$8 Dylan tix, write the performer, not promoter.

The East Coast, lagging behind the Haight-Ashbury scene of 1967, was still humming to the era of folk revival and beatniks when the

Electric Factory brought the Hip Generation to light on February 2, 1968. The Second Fret never seemed to catch the right wave, while the Main Point was catering to a college oriented crowd, one of the few nonalcoholic clubs in this area that has really made it.

The Electric Factory firmly established itself based on the needs of the young community, spaced somewhere between Flower Power and campus demonstrations. Budding young groups like the American Dream (I still sing "Frankford El" to myself everyday on my way to CCP), Elizabeth and the Edison Electric Band were given a spring board to artistic development as frequent opening acts.

America indoctrinated and hair trim, I returned to the Factory in late 1969 and see the Who and forget about the military for a few hours. I can't remember which I liked better — an unabridged version of "Tommy" or stage smashing in accompaniment to "My Generation."

Heading the bill on April 10, 1970, were two smalltime bands — Small Faces (featuring some raspy unknown named Rod Stewart on vocals) and Grand Funk Railroad. Later that month, Insect Trust and Pink Floyd. The latter implanted memories deep in the gut, focusing footsteps all over the room during "Sisyphus" via the joystick and 360 degree sound.

When I saw Miles Davis trumpet there in May, I passed a friendly bowl with WMMR-jock Don Gladen, who made it obvious that he was pleased with Factory policy bringing in noted jazzmen as well as important rock collectives.

One rainy night in June, it was a small knot of devoted Kinks' fans who showed to enjoy the music and keep the rattling ceiling bolts company. Shorty (with Georgie Fame, the "Yeh Yeh" man on keyboards) opened, followed by a tasty Mott The Hoople and kinky Ray Davies and crew. With only a hundred or so spread over the 15,000 square feet of Factory, vibrations that shook every nerve end and stomach seemed even more formidable.

While enjoying Traffic later that month, I got groupie insight from a young lady

(Continued on Page 11)



MOTT THE HOOPLE AT THE ELECTRIC FACTORY

Photo by Doug Mason

WMMR REVISITED

By BOB DAVIDSON

I couldn't believe where I was sitting. Amidst hundreds of thousands of records, a David Bowie award, and a fantastic calendar with Maria Muldaur romping on the cover, there I was — in WMMR's office.

Like a child being summoned to the principal in school, I had been sent to WMMR to explain my article which appeared in a recent sell-out issue. They didn't like it.

About two weeks ago, Dennis Wilen, the Music Director, called me to give me a piece of his mind about my article. I went to visit him to explain. At the time of writing, Nick Spencer, the afternoon man had been fired. I was upset and that is what triggered off my article.

Dennis is a fantastic person. Let me tell you about him. Besides having his name on the new Todd Rundgren album, Dennis has moved to great heights in the past few years. He was the editor of Penn's newspaper. That already caused me to swallow my Adam's Apple. Now he is Music Director at the station and knows his job. That is quite visible upon entering their offices.

The station is fantastic. His desk is stationed in a room chock full of duplicate records. At CCP's station, there is one rack which holds everything they have.

In the "duplicate room", I met Johnny Craft first. Being up there on my list of Great Jocks, he was everything I expected. He looks like he sounds. While I was talking to Dennis, Johnny sat with headphones previewing records.

NORMAN CONNORS

With growing success, that beautiful, progressive and experimental music that has been known as jazz, is again making itself felt as an irresistible force throughout contemporary music. In the flute playing of Herbie Mann, in the genius composing and electric piano of Herbie Hancock, a new spirit is coming into its own, born of the giants of the jazz past and fusing with the new sophistication of rock audiences. Mann, Hancock, Pharoah Sanders, Sun Ra, Rashaan Roland Kirk are now familiar names to young listeners. And to this charmed circle it is time to add the name of a brilliant young drummer, Norman Connors.

A composer, performer, band leader and a charismatic force in his own right, Connors has captured the imagination and allegiance of the finest of his musical contemporaries. As on his previous albums, Connors debut album on the Buddah label, *Love From The Sun* has been recorded with the assistance of musicians like Herbie Hancock, Hubert Laws, Billy Paul, Gary Bartz, Carlos Gannett, Dee Dee Bridgewater and Eddie Henderson. There is no simple way to describe Connors' music. It is like walking into a garden

During that time, Dennis explained to me why Nick Spencer is no longer at the station. His programming was too repetitious. There was too much emphasis placed on country, jazz and blues. Since Nick's show was not a specialty one like Gene Shay, he had to include other forms of music such as rock. Nick didn't know too much about rock, but was trying to learn. It didn't work, though. After time, he would shift back to his three favorites. It was too much for the station's format.

I myself, liked his format, but from what I understand, I've been told I am in a minority.

I would also like to clear the air about what was said about T. Morgan. This man has a background in Philadelphia progressive radio incomparable to anyone. Before coming to WMMR, T. tried to make WIBG more progressive in their style. That didn't work. He was Program Director at WDAS-FM, when they were progressive rock. Last but not least, he worked

at WIFI way before it became top-forty. He has a brilliant mind of music. Sorry T. (I still don't know what T. stands for!)

After talking about my article, I went on to the studio and met Ed Sciaky. My "mind's eye" failed in describing Ed. While listening, I attempt to imagine what they look like. Like I said before, I did pretty good with Johnny Craft. Forget about Ed, though. He is nothing like the way he sounds. I was expecting a tall beatnik with a Fu-Manchu beard who wore T-shirts to work. Ed is shorter than me, has a face beard, shoulder-length hair and wire-rim glasses. BINGO! He is just as fantastic in person as he is on radio.

In my other article, I stripped WMMR of their progressive title. Name one other station that has live quadra-sonic concerts, innovative newscasts, and actually plays the Firesign Theatre! No one other station is as progressive as the radio station is. 93.3 is still No. 1.



**DUE TO OUR GREAT
STRONGHOLD AT CCP,
THE VANGUARD IS
MOVING TO THE BASEMENT
OF THE ANNEX
HAVE A GOOD VACATION!**

KRAKEN'S GARDEN

(Con'td.)

sitting next to me from Oregon. She provided physical comfort to Fairport Convention's Dave Swarbrick betwixt gigs, a cross continental relationship that seemed doomed to marriage.

I wandered backstage after Procol Harum played another night in June, and ended up rapping with Elizabeth drummer Hank Ransome and manager Bill Eib. Both were sold on the idea that the Electric Factory was of vital cultural design.

Summers tended to overwarm the Electric Factory, and the trend set by Rizzo's hot summer of 1969 became habit. The 1971 season opened on Sept. 11, 1970, with Lighthouse and Elton John. At the time, John was concerned that he would never gain acceptance from American audiences after a disastrous gig in Los Angeles.

In October, Humble Pie was only a warmup to Mungo

Jerry. That band's jugband repertoire was moving, and I still have a souvenir from that evening — the band tossed free kazoos to the audience for play-along purposes.

The last show I saw was on Halloween. The management had asked everyone to come dudded up. After Seals & Crofts, a contest for best costume was held, and my mockup Air Force uniform lost (fittingly) to some cat wrapped in cellophane who went by the pseudonym 'Peter Prophylactic.' Johnny Winter And made the freak show complete.

Unfortunately for us all, the Electric Factory pulled in its carpets for good following a Van Morrison show in November, 1970. Those 34 months of operation coincided with some of the best years of my life, when you didn't have to be with friends to get a jay passed in your direction.

WEEKEND TV OR THE BOOB TUBE MISERY

By MARK HUCKEL

For all you people who happen to be caught in, on the weekend at night, you might come across some of the recent entertainment that is being barfed up by the networks, and more recently the local U.H.F. stations.

A few nights of this is disgusting, especially if you are coming home at a reasonable hour and it either was a bad night, or you have half a load on and you want to straighten out before you hit the sack. I remember when it all started, on Sunday nights when the "IN CONCERT" shows came on to see if the music loving young people who might endure enough to see their favorite bands in concert. It was o.k. but they loaded it with commercial puke and loving the acts so much they rearranged the sets of the songs and cutting a few of them short.

Quickly NBC followed with a show of more variety, and a weekly at that. The "MIDNIGHT SPECIAL" came off corny at the beginning and I could tell the show wanted to appeal to the greasy and teenybopper crowd that had to come in early on Friday nights. In the time that they have been on there have been shows on country, pop, and soul, giving the average rock listener a little diversification.

A few months ago one of the producers of "IN CONCERT" syndicated a series of his own bunched from ABC to NBC for the Saturday night "DON KIRSHNERS ROCK

CONCERT". The first show had the "STONES" and though the band left much to be desired, the format showed promise. One of the best things they have done was the DOOBIE BROTHERS.

I have always liked "IN CONCERT" the best, but recently with the change to their own theater, they have lost the live concert feeling that was lacking on "MIDNIGHT SPECIAL" in the first place.

Channel three has added a new title to "DON KIRSHNER" etc. to a local "SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE GROOVIES", showing vintage films after the concert such as W.C. FIELDS. But then before all this mess we had the weekend horror movies that you can watch when you are on top of your girl on the couch at a house where she is babysitting.

We went through the DOC SHOCK and all the SCI FI late nighters, but the best of all is new on Channel 48. Yes, I am speaking of "THE GHOUL". He shows great flicks but I cannot wait for the commercials. He is nuts and everyone I know who sees him do the skits he does loves him. I recommend you stay home next Friday with your chick and your friends and party with the ghoul. The first time I saw him was when I came home slightly blasted and my brother Jay said, "Get a load of this guy he's great". I sat there and thought to myself "Is this guy for real?" Take my brother's advice, he is great!

I'M NOT A CRITIC

By MARK HUCKEL
**OVERTURES AND
BEGINNERS
ROD STEWART AND THE
RACES — MERCURY**

This album will be endured by all of the Stewart lovers, but myself, being an avid Rod and the Faces fan, am not as pleased with this one. The album must have been a rough one for the band to put out, but it's understandable, since: 1. They have a new bass player who is from Free, Tetsu Yamamuchi is what he calls himself. (They must have felt a little bad about their old bass player and old time friend Ron Lane, leaving.) 2. They could not get a working permit for Tetsu, because the British Musicians Union thinks that Rod could have found a Limy musician to fill their empty whole.

I saw the band at the Electric Factory about 4 years ago when they were the best ever. At the Spectrum a few years later with a fever burning in the fans, they put on a show that was adequate. What happened on this album is beyond me.

The first side is not that bad but, it slowly and progressively turns sour. The first song is a song from Gasoline Alley, Its All Over Now is great, Cut Across Shorty is great, but it's noticeably different because they lack Ron Lane's vocals, which is taken up by Ian McClagan and Ron Wood. Third is a combination of Too

Bad and Every Picture Tells A Story and done very nice. Stay With Me ends up the side and for one, it's too slow and one good point is Tetsu's bass playing which is better than Ron Lane's.

The only good song on the second side is the first one, I Wish It Would Rain, and old Temptations number.

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**you
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wids**

ZINC ALLOY AND THE HIDDEN RIDERS OF TOMORROW

In his native England, Marc Bolan has taken his share of abuse lately. T-Rex's string of thirteen gold singles in the U.K. has produced a backlash of the familiarity-breeds-contempt variety. And though Bolan's brand of "Glam Rock" has helped open the door for the Bowies, Glitters, Slades, et. al., "It (Glam Rock) embarrasses me now," he's said.

Marc is nothing if not plucky. Far from wallowing in bitterness, Marc's fertile mind is lush with schemes — new schemes. Perhaps the changes came with the craziness that accompanied the long British run of "Born to Boogie". Marc's cinematic collaboration with Ringo Starr. Or perhaps they arose from a reflective period during which Marc listened to Bob Dylan's "Blonde On Blonde," a great deal. Whatever the explanation, Marc Bolan has definitely chosen a new direction.

The loss of T-Rex drummer Bill Legend (solo career) recently forced the cancellation of a European tour. Undaunted, Marc seized the opportunity to implement "an overall new concept for 1974."

On his new record, as well as onstage at the Tower Theater, Marc and T-Rex will pose as Zinc Alloy and the Hidden Riders of Tomorrow.

"The music (sounds) very '74-ish and also its a kind of jive, a kind of send-up of Ziggy



MARC BOLAN

and Alvin Stardust. . ." Marc describes. Yet it's the type of description that cries for, that in concert acid test.

Another current Bolan project is the formation of a record label, as yet unnamed, which will begin officially in March. Marc has already produced and recorded four British artists of various musical persuasions to launch the effort.

So despite what might be called hard times, Marc Bolan and T-Rex continue to move further out there. Undoubtedly, the usual bevy of screaming teeny beauties will invade the Tower to honor their Reptile King on Saturday, March 9. But those dudes onstage — Zinc Alloy and the. . . who? What will they be up to?

Appearing with T-Rex will be a relatively new band of Canadian rockers, Bachman-Turner Overdrive. The group was put together by Randy Bachman who fathered the Guess Who and authored such hits as "American Woman," "No Time," and "These Eyes." Randy is a truly driving guitarist of varied styles. The group is rounded out by Bachman Brothers Ron (drums) and Tim (rhythm guitar) and C.F. Turner (bass) whose lead vocals are reminiscent of early Creedence. In general, B.T.O.'s strong suit is basic rhythmic rock a la the Who, Free and the Doobies, with a healthy dose of varied, imaginative vocals.

To date, B.T.O. has waxed two albums, "Bachman-Turner Overdrive" and "BTO II," both on the Mercury label. Both have met with most favorable critical reaction and have made impressive jumps in recent weeks on the retail sales charts. In fact, "BTO II," which is headed into the top 50 this week, prompted "Zoo World" to call the band "one of the best new groups of 1973." There's little doubt that B.T.O. will provide an extra dimension of excitement with T-Rex at the Tower.

Tickets, at \$5.50 and \$6.50 are now on sale at the Tower Theater and all Midnight Sun Outlets.

EDGAR BATEMAN QUINTET

By KENNETH BARNES

The Edgar Bateman quintet is what's known as a small local jazz band. The music they play is called East-coast-hard-bop-jazz, which is easily distinguishable from West-coast jazz, progressive jazz, modern jazz, or classical jazz by its vintage sound or by the names of its composers.

Take for example their first three tunes and the composers' names: "Miles Mode," (Miles Davis), "Spanky Wanky," (Alfred the piano man), and "Straight No Chaser" (Thelonius Monk). Monk and Miles are two men whose influence on the jazz scene has been monumental, since 1943 for Monk, and 1949 for Miles. Small wonder then that young

musicians like Alfred compose music which identifies with hard jazz.

And riding high on the plateau established decades ago by the founding fathers of jazz (be-bop) these sidemen maintained themselves fabulously well in ensemble and solos. They introduced most tunes with a big full-throated theme followed by some surprisingly delightful solos by all. On Monk's "Straight No Chaser," especially, each disciple handed in a series of masterfully articulated choruses which the audience seemed to enjoy very much as evidenced by their enthusiastic applause.



THE EDGAR BATEMAN QUINTET

EDGAR BATEMAN, drums; EDWARD CROCKET, bass; JULIAN PRESSLY, alto and baritone sax; EDDIE (ICE CREAM) JONES, trumpet; and ALFRED, piano. CCP February 7, 1974.

photography by Kenneth Barnes

ELLIOTT MURPHY

ELLIOTT MURPHY IS GOING TO BE A MONSTER. He's a blond Natural Beauty Wonder who can shimmer from feminine to masculine quicker than old Mick can put on his Maybelline. And he's better than a combination of Vogue, Interview, and Women's Wear Daily for finding out just what's happening. In addition, there's some good stuff in between all the chic. Lyrics that are easy to remember, tunes that are fairly catchy, and a back-up with a nice hard-driving beat.

His promo material describes him as the first rock voice of the arrogant and anguished white suburbs, but that's a lot of bullshit. The suburbs are what rock is, and in fact, you could say they're all it's ever been. What's new is that with Murphy we may be getting a signal that the suburbs will finally stop apologizing.

The minute you pick up his new album, "Elliott Murphy Aquashow" (Polydor), you get the message. He's named it after his father's business (it was at the World's Fair, in case you missed it). And on the cover is an Esquire fashion-photo, with Murphy dressed in white a la the '20s and caressing a thousand-dollar brass-and-crystal antique. Not to mention the song titles embracing all the latest, most with-it fantasies. Murphy's not just "The Last of the Rock Stars," he's also "The Great Gatsby." Still, Murphy's got enough sensitivity to land this side of callowness and enough intelligence to give his subject perspective. He may sound like the Dylan of "Blonde on Blonde," but there's a difference.

From "Hanging Out":

You can be in London in a hotrod cafe.

But Max's Kansas City got the same things to say.

And I say, "I loah now baby, what de doin' this for?"

And she says, "You better shut up, 'cause You -know -who just walked in the door."

I been taken, and my conscience is aching

And I promise myself I won't hang out no more. . .

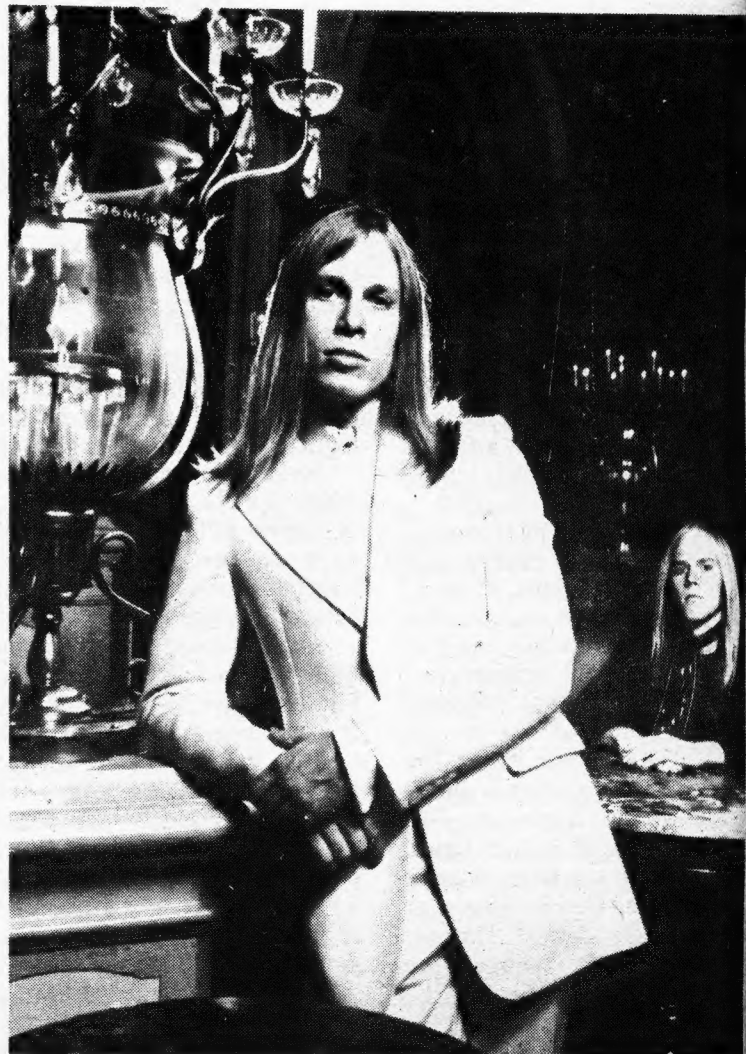
and then a later verse:

(I could) be a hooker or a looker, but I guess my business is show.

You've got to admit — after all the syrupy self-righteousness and all the treacly indignation that's cursed rock music, a solid mix of self-hatred and self-acceptance is definitely refreshing. I don't know about anybody else, but the last thing I could take right now would be one of Dylan's cloying imitators telling me to be a better human being. Improve? Are you kidding? It's going to take all I can do to stay even.

The best thing about Murphy is that he's able to carry off his role as critic-participant with a certain amount of honesty — no mean feat when you consider the level of narcissism required to be a participant. Being a suburban youth is a full-time job, you better believe. It doesn't leave much energy for reflecting. At the very least, for as long as he's around, Murphy should be a good weathervane for where things are heading. He's got precisely that sensibility. Not deep necessarily, but on top of things. And he's got an uncanny ability to lock in on the most fashionable of right feelings ("Marilyn Monroe died for our sins," now I mean).

Whether or not he'll develop musically is still an open question (at the moment he's technically limited to Dylan), but there's no doubt that he's smart enough so that his perceptions will grow. And listening to "Aquashow" is a lot better than taking a trip on the Long Island Railroad. So what if after three or four hearings the music starts to lag, the words become obvious, and you can stop listening to the whole thing? If he's true to his own pop suburbanism, that shouldn't bother Murphy any more than it bothered me.



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